Amos Stark

229
1790

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B3

THE

BARBER's SHOP.

KEPT BY

SIR DAVID RAZOR,

Grand Secretary to the Worshipful Association of Free and Accepted Barbers; Shaver to his Venerability the Deputy Scribe of the Ancient and Honourable Roustigouche Society, Branch No. 174; Weatherwise-General to his own family and neighbourhood; Story-Teller; "Guesser;" Observer of Men and Manners; Joke-Cracker; Sleeve-Laugher, &c. &c. &c.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.
Leaf of an old book.

NUMBER 1.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WALK in, Sir; walk in. Though I say it, that should not say it, I keep as pleasant a shop, as clean and warm lather, as keen and polished razors, and as good and expeditious journeymen, as a reasonable man can wish—by far too good for an unreasonable one.

If you wish to be *trimmed*, Sir, please to take the CHAIR: you will rise from it, if not a better man, at least a more decent one, and will wonder that you did not before discover how rough and unbecoming your appearance was. I will tell you, Sir; you never looked into my "MIRROR." It is so true an one, so unflattering, that few have the fortitude to examine themselves in it. Those who have, will find it useful.—Ah! yes,

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Sir, I understand you—Its grotesque *frame*—Why, Sir, the purpose of that is twofold; it may attract the attention of those who cannot tolerate *plain reflections;* and it may amuse those who do not understand the use of the *mirror* itself. I confess, Sir, 'tis very grotesque.

While waiting for your turn, you may entertain yourself in CHIT-CHAT with the respectable and sensible customers that I have the honour to lead *by the nose;* or you may step into the LIBRARY adjoining, where you will find (as my bookseller says) "a complete assortment of books in the various branches of *polite* literature, and to which daily additions are making;" as also the news-prints of the day, federal, antifederal and neutral: or from the WINDOW you may behold the passing crowd, and speculate on their follies and fashions. Finally, that no *taste* [every thing is called taste now] may want gratification, I have hung round the WALLS, tarantulas, centipedes, spiders, caterpillars, horned frogs, and other such *queerosities*, in abundance.——What do you listen to, Sir?—'Tis one of my journeymen, who, having his "two ears tun'd to rhyme," has conducted a small branch of HELICON through the shop. Its harmonious gurgling will at least help you to a refreshing nap:

"Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro."

Sir, I am happy to have *suited* you. When necessary or agreeable, pray call again. I thank you.——Yes, Sir, I believe the money's good—

Your most obedient,

DAVID RAZOR.

[I bow with respect to the ... sical entertainment and genuine humour which issue from the Elbow-Chair of LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, Esq. and I shall always be proud to give "Salmagundi" a distinguished place in my "Library." The following, from the pen of my son DAVID, a young *shaver*, of promising talents, I think was suggested by something of the same nature in the above-mentioned work; I make no apology for giving it to my customers.]

TRAVELLING HINTS & MEMORANDA,

Which suggested themselves to the author during a splashing, dashing, spattering, lathering, *submarine* journey, in the *dry* season of 1807.

Carefully preserved as materials for a very *interesting* and *disinterested* work, to be entitled,

"THE STRANGER UNDER WATER."

By DAVID RAZOR, junior, Esquire.

Member of the "Humane" Society.

"In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ."

CHAP. I.

PREPARATION for a submarine journey—diving-bell——cork jacket——divers for pearl——Dr. Franklin—Nicholas "the Fish"—Brydone's description of sun-rising seen from the top of Mount Etna—salmon leap—commencement of the journey—water very cold, considering the sun spends half his time there—Rumford roaster—wet travelling—liquid blacking won't do for such journies, so well as the old-fashioned blacking ball—Marquis de la Fayette used to wear boots without stockings in wet weather—submarine travellers would do well to leave their boots at home too—corns—not much *dry* humour to

be expected on the road—grog too weak—superficial travellers not apt to go to the bottom of things—pleasant weather over head—long for Saturday, as *dumb* fish are very plenty—wonder old Esop could not make fish talk—suppose he did not think of it—*mem.* beat him at his own play, and make a good fable about a whale, a flounder and a boiled lobster—ears tingle—the existence of *horses marine* evident from the number of *horse-shoes* found in the water; N.B. called "horse-feet" every where but in Salem—Columbian Dictionary—a word in its title page not to be found in the body of the work—good joke to exercise the ingenuity of Fredonians—Webster has lately *quizzed* "Eclectic Reviewers" (*vid. Panoplist, July,* 1807)—good enough for them, for having such an out-of-the-way name—wonder Webster does not introduce the word "*quiz*" into his dictionary—*remark,* although Voltaire started a new orthography for the French language, it won't do for the English—the human body specifically lighter than the water—obliged to carry an anchor under each arm to "keep the road"—bottom of the sea never freezes—reason, because there is so much sea-weed there—great fish find good *slaying* there, notwithstanding—met 14 regiments of mackerel, and passed them without exchanging a word; no music but conch-shells—met a "torpedo," and uncocked it, in order to quiz Fulton—don't like gimcracks that are rejected by France and England—do well enough for Fredonian philosophers—sea very wroth against Xerxes—re-

members him to this day—tyrants of the ocean —expected revolution—sea-gods panic struck on account of

MILITIA and GUN-BOATS.

Ignorance the principal source of fear—every thing in this region goes on *swimmingly*—mean to make this pun my own, as well as one which my honoured father used to tell me of a *bankrupt*, who drowned himself "because he could not *keep his head above water*"—sea, a good situation for demagogues and "*friends of the people*," because every one can get a *plaice*—*profound* politicians —reflections on the rise and fall of republics—accidental discovery of the longitude, of the causes of the luminous appearance of the sea, of the magnetic variation, of the tides, &c. &c. &c. remember to obtain a patent for the above—visit Grand Bank—the post of danger the post of honour, among fish as well as men—compose "Fisherman's Song," which has had a great run in England and America—apology for inserting, because another person claims it—British authors very tyrannical in not silently permitting Columbians to pilfer their compositions—no matter, soon make the nation a bankrupt, in which case she won't be able to keep her head above water.

FISHERMAN's SONG.

Mankind are all *fish*, and I'll lay you a bet,
I prove that they all will come into the *net*.
The lawyer's a *shark*; and they who in shoals
Run into his jaws, must be *flats* or poor *soles*.

The *lobster*'s a turncoat, the sluggard a *snail*;
The *curate* a shrimp, and the vicar a *whale*;
The soldier's a *sword fish*; the critic a *carp*,
That delights in the *mud*, and, though wary, bites sharp.

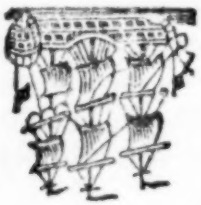
The heir is a *gold-fish*, but turns to a *gull*;
True lovers are *oysters*, both silent and dull;
The poets are *spawn*, but are scarce worth a drag;
Young misses are *mack'rel*, all caught by red rag;

Their swains, although *sly-fish*, full frequently feel,
That a fair and fresh *mack'rel* will turn to an *eel*.
A rake's a *dorado*, persisting and rude;
A beauty's a *flying-fish*, always pursued.

Thus by *hook* or by *crook* they are all to be *caught*,
Nay, some wise ones have said they are all to be *bought*,
Some at high, some at low, some at fair market price,
From a farthing per pound to a guinea a *slice*!

For *maids* that are good there's no price to be set,
But for those that won't keep, or will jump to the net,
They're not worth the scales on the back of a *dace*,
Though thousands are offered to catch a good *plaice*.

Reflections on maritime wars—only way to avoid injury and insult is to be without the means of repulse—the above the opinion of "gulls," in opposition to all fish and sea-fowl.

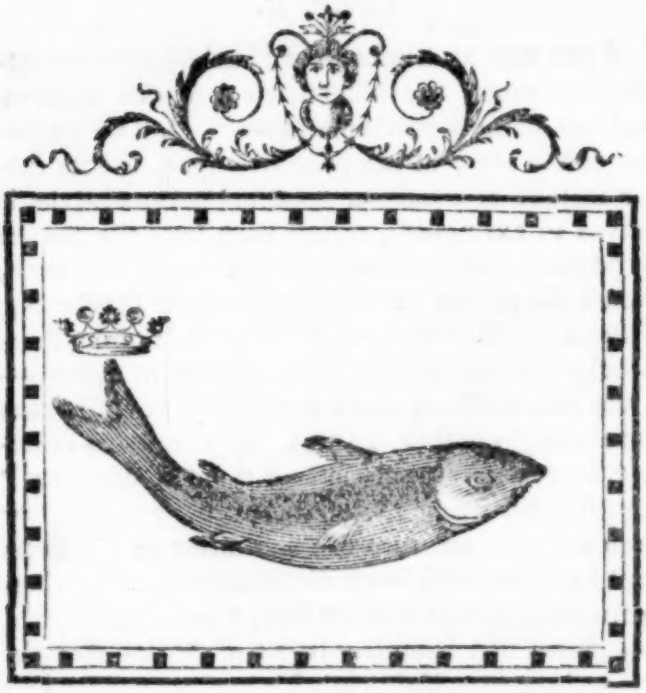


CHAP. II.

ARRIVED at a village of Sharks—town-meeting—as usual, the inhabitants bite one another and go home—proclamation—N. B. The emperor of the seas, in his proclamations, spouts *water* instead of *wind*—a good improvement, as it serves to extinguish, rather than fan, the flames of popular passion—emperor (who, by the way, wears his *crown* on his TAIL)* about purchasing TERRA INCOGNITA, with *all* its salt mountains—price fifteen millions dollars, *current* money—gives two millions more for liberty to talk about purchasing another TERRA INCOGNITA—*sinking* fund—among submarines "public economy" signifies throwing away the people's money for useless toys—not sure of them after all; a good hint for Tom Brainless's dictionary—quere, when is another number of the "Fool" to be published? —suppose Mr. Brainless is out of stock—thought so—submarine *Arabs* cut off tortoises' calipee and calipash while alive, and then dismiss them—saw a *squid* writing a 'lection sermon—N. B. he *quizzed* me with his obscurity—nothing like this above water—squids called literati, and sometimes *illuminati*—"*lucus a non lucendo*"—flying fish, the poets of the vast abyss, never thrive; a solemn warning to folks not to go *out of their element*—alternately pursued by dolphins and gulls (critics and bailiffs.)

[*To be continued.*]

* See the *portrait* on next page.



Sol. Razor aqua *forte fecit.*

The EMPEROR of the SEAS;

From a Drawing, in *Water* Colours,

by

DAVID RAZOR, JUN.

M. H. S.

SONG.—"*THE WIG GALLERY.*

"Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle,
Here wisdom, virtue, truth, I sell;
Nay, think not I a falsehood tell,
I deal not, Sir, in raillery;
I deal in wigs, a curious ware,
In which grey, red, black, brown and fair
May suit their features to a hair,
In this our gay wig gallery.
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig:—
When portly parsons claim their pig,
Or guttling aldermen look big,
I do not say, they are not wise,
I only say, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

"See in this jazey what a twirl,
'Twill suit a young or antient girl,
Sly Cupids lurk in ev'ry curl,
The ribband Venus' zone is.
Rouse then, old man, throw by your staff,
Regard not how your neighbours laugh,
When but a guinea and a half
Can make you an Adonis.
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig:—
Be of the ton a natty sprig,
The thing, the tippy, and the twig,
Nor heed who are the truly wise,
For after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

"Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,
Is that your wife intriguing, pray?
Oh no, my lovely's hair is grey—
That woman's hair is flaxen.

Then say, who would not be a wife,
To lead an unsuspected life,
And cure all foul and jealous strife,
By wearing of a caxen?
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig:—
Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig—
Who for dull morals cares a fig?
'Tis useless to be truly wise,
For after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig.

"Thus arm'd, your lovers do not spare;
At will a hedge-hog, or a bear,
A Friezeland hen, a Flanders mare,
Whate'er your wish will suit us.
The lawyer's flaws shall find a patch,
A bob the knowing head shall thatch,
The henpeck'd husband wear a scratch,
His wife a monstrous Brutus.
The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig:—
Who'd in the mines of learning dig,
Or Heliconian potions swig,
Or study to be truly wise,
When, after all, in vulgar eyes,
The wisdom's in the wig?"

CHIT-CHAT.

A foreign merchant once observed to his correspondent, that there was a great scarcity of "*pigs' grease*" [hogs'-fat] in the market.

I once passed a Frenchman, who was relating to his neighbour a series of insults which he had received from another, and heard him conclude

in an angry tone of voice as follows:—"And, Sare, now he fasten de door on my nose!"

A Frenchman, who came to this country some years since to learn the English language, exhibited the following translation to his instructor: "Jupiter to him dismissed one thunderbolt, but she not him squashed," &c.

Another of the same country, in conversation, observed, that he recollected once seeing a comet "with one very long queue."

A SHARPER, who had pawned his hat, going out of church in the middle of a crowd, snatched a man's hat from under his arm. The poor fellow, feeling his hat gone, cried, "They have stolen my hat." The sharper, immediately putting the hat on his head, and covering it with both hands, exclaimed, "Have they? I defy them to take mine."

Remarkable account of the efficacy of patent worm powder, in the case of HANS HORNBLOWER, *as related by himself.*

I VAS porn in de Jarmony, in te same places as vhat Klopstock de poet is porn, who vas perry'd one day, and who vas hear his own verses sing at his own funeral—you dont make such poet as all dat in dis country. Vell, I vas married vhen I vas twenty-two years old; and I vas five feet five inches high, and pig as all dat besides, and mine vife vas pigger as much as me.

I am py trade a placksmith, and is vhat makes de millstones. One day mine vife call out to me, Hans Hornplower Hans Hornplower Hans Hornplower, all so quick as dat. Now you must know, mine vife I vas have one leetle son, vhat vas called Shosef, and mine leetle son Shosef vas have de vorms all so pad—and I vas afraid dat mine leetle son Shosef vas eat up de vorms; no, dat is not it, I vas afraid de vorms vas eat up Shosef—so I turned round so quick vhat I could, and I vas have in my hand, look you, de great millstone so pig—and in mine hurry to see vhat vas ail mine vife, I let him fall on my two feets, and jam him both off, first one foot and den de totter—and mine vife say, "Ah! now Hans Hornplower you got no feets to stand upon;" and mine vife not know vhat to do about dat—for do she could knit de very good stocking, she not could make de feets to put in him;—and mine vife say, "I vill give you some of de vorm powder vhat vas given our son totter day." So I took some of de vorm powder, and soon I have two pair of new feets, all as petter as de old ones as any ting—vhat! you turn up your nose at him? he is as good as your feets any time, to day and tomorrow and yesterday pesides—vhat! you not believe de story? ah! dat is totter ting—come and look at him yourself, and ask mine vife all about him; and one ting more—Go you and py an pox of de vorm powder, and take him, for fear you have your two feets jamm'd off by an millstone some day or otter in de course of your life.

HANS HORNPLOWER.

LATHERING THE BRITISH.

In the year 1799, Commodore Tingey, on board the U. S. sloop of war Ganges, of 26 guns, then on the West-India station, was demanded to inform an English frigate of 32 guns, whether all his men had protections—the answer was, they have, *look at their colors*—boatswain, pipe all hands—boys, will you stand by me? Yes—three cheers given immediately. Well, says the brave commander, they shall take me before you—being close along side and all ready. The loud three cheers was enough, and the British ship bore away. [*Phil. paper.*

Three cheers are cheaper than powder and ball—a hint to our economical administration to put all that can be found in requisition—our patriotic citizens will *cheerfully* yield them up.

As we are going to engage with Old England in the "unprofitable contest of trying which can do the other the most harm," I willingly devote a page or so to the purpose of firing a shot at old Berkeley.

The *honourable* admiral Berkeley, then only a captain in the British navy, commanded the Marlborough in Lord Howe's memorable engagement on the 4th of June. Early on that day he got a scratch in the head, so very slight, that a midshipman would have been ashamed to have mentioned it to the standers by during such an engagement. The honourable captain, however, thought fit *to be prevailed upon* to go down to the cock-pit, to have care taken of his wound,

for fear of consequences, leaving the command of the vessel to the eldest lieutenant, who, being a poor Hibernian, unfriended by any thing but his own heart and hands, and of course without interest at the admiralty, thought that this was a glorious golden opportunity to *make a dash*, and recommend himself to promotion by some very extraordinary deed of prowess. He accordingly lost no time in running up the Marlborough where he thought she would have enough of peppering, and where she soon caught the vigilant eye of the brave Howe, who, with his spy glass, perceived her very busily employed in paying her best compliments to three French line of battle ships, one of which raked her fore and aft. Astonished and concerned at her situation, his lordship hastily called to Sir Roger Curtis, his captain, and said, "Why Sir Roger, Sir Roger! what in the name of Heaven can be the matter with the Marlborough?" Sir Roger, who knew Berkeley, and was keen, satirical and witty, as well as brave and humane, looked for a moment through his glass at the Marlborough, and then, turning round to Lord Howe, drily replied, "*I don't know, my lord, but I should imagine, from the conduct of the Marlborough, that Captain Berkeley has been killed.*" [N.Y. pap.

The Shaver who has been *touching off* the "STRANGER in SALEM," is respectfully informed that he cannot have his turn yet. His performance, which is workmanlike, shall be exhibited in a future number. At present "Strangers" are in no demand.

To save gentlemen *the trouble, I have thought best to accompany this my first number with the following impartial*

REVIEW.

ART. 46.—*No.* 1 *of the* "Barber's Shop, *kept by Sir* DAVID RAZOR," *&c.*

THE sin that most easily besets us, in this free country, is *originality*. We disdain to imitate; it is not in us. I do not, however, insinuate that great geniuses (if I were a scholar I would say *genii*) do not often, at or *about* the same time, conduct their intellects through the same or similar channels. This kind of coincidence will happen, in spite of the principle; and, I believe, no remedy has yet been discovered.

ILLUSTRATION.

Soon after LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF beamed instruction, mirth and good humour from his "elbow chair" at New-York, THOMAS BRAINLESS (who probably saw no merit in "Salmagundi" but its irregularity) for a short time played "The Fool" in this our Salem: shortly succeeding this, we were startled by a "Thunderclap," which left a nauseous stench, but was attended with no other ill effect: since which, "My Pocket-book" has been exhibited in Philadelphia, for the entertainment of the multitude. Latterly, in our metropolis, the proud, head-quarter-of-good-principle, and three-seventh-as-hilly-as-Rome city of Boston, a "Thistle" (an unlucky *name*, for none but a *Jack-ass* can relish it) has sprung

up. And now behold a "Barber's Shop" opened to furnish the ATTIC [if *you* please, Messieurs Reviewers] town of *Salem*, with a little "*dignitate*" to its "*otium*." Now it is *in no wise probable* that the hint for either of these performances was taken from a preceding one; and the circumstances of their similarity, supposed or real, (not forgetting the peculiar one of each having a whole *family* to contribute to the support of its establishment) must be considered an *accident* which defies all calculation.

If I were called on to give my opinion on the merits of the respective publications above mentioned, I should——————————————————————take time to consider; but, *in regard* to the work which is the subject of this REVIEW, I cannot withhold from it my entire approbation. Sir David has not only put in requisition all the wit and good nature of his own *family*, but of the world in general, on both sides of the water, i. e. *top* and *bottom*. Moreover, he has very prudently not brought out his best things in this first number; but (there is reason to believe) each succeeding number will appear with increased lustre.

My limits will only permit me further to observe, that the pamphlet is very handsomely printed, and set at the moderate price of *twelve and a half cents* (cash down.) The world will have to regret that so small an edition was published, as, at no distant period, the early numbers of this work will be immensely rare and valuable.

D. R.